Vol. VI. Numb. 72

THE OBSERVATOR.

Roger's Account to his Master, on the observing the 4th and 5th of November *in* London; *and of a Dialogue betwixt himself and* Ralph, *the* Rehearser's *Country-man, on that Subject. Of the Calve's-head Feast, drinking* Sorrel's *Health: And on her Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament.*

From Wednesday, November 5. to Saturday, November 8. 1707.

Obs. WHat News from *London*, *Roger*? I hope you bring good Tidings, you look so cheerful.

Country-m. To tell you the Truth, Master, I have been taking a chirrupping Cup these two Days past, with some honest staunch *English*-men.

Obs. On what Occasion, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, Master, because we saw the honest Citizens testify so much Respect to the Memory of our late glorious Deliverer, King *William*, in making Bonfires and Illuminations on the 4th of *November*, his Birth-day; and the like on the 5th, in Remembrance of the double Deliverance we had on that Day; I mean from the Gun-powder-Plot, by the Papists, and from the late Plot, by the Papists and Passive-Obedience-men, against our Religion and Liberties, which that truly *immortal Man*, King *Willian*, so gloriously defeated, by landing on that Day, to our Rescue.

Obs. Very well, *Roger*; I hope you had good Conversation then.

Country-m. Yes, Master, that we had: We drank cheerfully to the Memory of that brave Prince, and his glorious Queen, and also to the Health of her present Majesty, and his Royal Highness, the four chief Instruments of our happy Deliverance.

Obs. That was all well, *Roger*, since you kept from Excess. We owe much to the Memory of good Princes; but we must avoid giving that Glory to Man, which is due only to God: And on this Occasion, *Roger*, I can't but observe the Conduct of Providence in the Prince of *Orange*'s Landing. Those who came with him, especially the *Dutch*, were for landing on the 4th, because it was the Prince's Birth-day; but Heaven had determin'd it otherwise, for it could not be done 'till the 5th, that we might thereby be put in fresh Remembrance of the Goodness of God in our former Deliverance on that Day; and by Consequence instructed, that it was the Lord's own doing, and therefore ought to be marvellous in our Eyes.

Country-m. I heartily agree with you, Master; but must give you a farther Account of our Conversation. There was not one Party-man among us; we were all staunch Friends to old *England*, and therefore drank to the Memory of all the eminent Revolution-men, deceas'd, without Respect to the Denominations of Church-man or Dissenter, Whig or Tory; and in like Manner, to the Health of all those still alive, who did remarkable Service to their Country, at that critical Juncture; so that we drank heartily to the Health of the Duke of *Marlborough*, Duke of *Leeds*, Earl of *Wharton*, Bishop of *London*, and Bishop of *Sarum*, *&c.* Nor did we forget the Service of the petitioning Bishops; the seven Golden Candlesticks; tho' some of 'em turn'd Brass afterwards; and as we could not but pay a Tribute to the Memory of the brave and honest Sir *Cloudsley Shovel*, we did likewise remember the good Services of the fortunate and gallant Admiral *Russel*, now Earl of *Orford*: And you would have thought us very ungrateful, Master, had we forgot the Earl of *Peterborough*. But I must break off, and tell you a pleasant Adventure I had, just as I was going to take Horse, and come out of Town.

Obs. What was it, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, truly, Master, I met with *Ralph* what d'ye call-'um, *Teague O Divelly*, the *Rehearser*'s Country-man: The poor Fellow look'd as if he had been besh--t, Master; so that I could not but take Pity on him, and give him a Bottle; and I have writ our Conversation by Way of Dialogue betwixt *Roger* and *Ralph*; which, if you please, I will read to you, Master.

Obs. Pray do, *Roger*.

Country-m. It is thus, Master:

Roger. How now, *Ralph*? What makes thee look so piteously?

Ralph. Why do'st ask, *Roger*? Thou know'st well enough, that we have had two Fast-days together; the 4th of *November*, because it was the Prince of *Orange*'s Birth-day, and the 5th, because it was the Day of his landing in *England*, besides the other unlucky Accident that befel our Friends, the *Roman* Catholicks, on that Day.

Ro. I thought thou look'st, *Ralph*, as if thou had'st been doing Pennance, or praying for the Deliverance of the Souls of *Perkins*, *Friend*, *King*, *Keys*, *Charnock*, and the other Assassins of the late King *William*, from their Place of Purgation, as your Friends the Papists have been praying for the Souls of St. *Guy Faux*, *Garnet*, *Catesby*, and the rest concern'd in the old Powder-Plot.

Ra. Aye, *Roger*; and you look as jovial and gay, as if you had come from a Calve's-head Feast.

Ro. Thou silly Blockhead! How like a Ninny thou talk'st: Do'st not know, that the Calve's-head Feast has been lay'd aside a great while ago.

Ra. Not I, *Roger*: Prithee tell me how that came about?

Ro. Look ye, *Ralph*; I'll tell ye several Reasons, (1.) Thou know'st thy Party went constantly a madding that Day, as one of our Right Reverend Fathers in God, has told us; and if the other Party had continu'd to go a madding too, the whole Nation must have gone mad together, and then *Lewis* the XIV. would have begg'd us all of the Pope, as Lunaticks. (2.) *Ralph*, our Party was really mov'd with Compassion, and consider'd, that if they brought feasting on Calves Heads in Fashion, it would empty so many high-flying Pulpits, that the People must be at a Loss for dumb Guides; and I am sure, by this Time, thou must have been drown'd in a Ditch; for thy Master had gone to Pot long ago. (3.) *Ralph*, had Calves Heads come to be a constant Dyet, it might have empty'd Posts in the S---e, as well as in the C----h; so that we should have been at a Loss for some great Vo---ks in the N----y, in the A----y, in the C------l, in the P-------t, and every where. (4.) *Ralph*, to tell thee the Truth, the Calves Heads are not so good as they us'd to be; for the poor Calves have lost some of the best of their Pasture since the 5th of *November* 1688. and Kn---ves are got in their Place; and you know, *Ralph*, Bulls-beef, and Horns, is not half so good Victuals, as young Ox-cheek.

Ra. No more of your Banter, *Roger*; I must be gone; my Friends will stay for me; we have fasted long enough, and therefore are to have a Feast to Night, and good *French* Wine *to drink* Sorrel's *Health*.

Ro. Nay, then, *Ralph*, thou'rt oblig'd to me, to ſtop thee from running headlong to thy own Damnation, for 13 or 14 of the Worſhippers of the Beaſt *Sorrel*, have broke their Necks from off their own Horſes; or to ſpeak more truly, the D----l found them ſo fit for his Purpoſe below, that he would let them ſtay no longer, and made all the Haſte he could to carry them off, leaſt he ſhould have been robb'd of them by the Way.

Ra. You have a mighty Opinion of your *Hogan Mogan* King, *Roger*, as if he had been one without Faults; but we know well enough, that tho' his Title had been good, he was guilty of very great Faults in his Adminiſtration.

Ro. No, *Ralph*; we knew him to be a Man, and by Conſequence, that he had Faults; and you may remember one great One, that we frequently complain'd off.

Ra. What was that, *Roger*? I know nothing of it.

Ro. Then I'll tell thee, *Ralph*; 'twas that inſtead of hanging the Leaders of thy Party, for bringing in Popery and arbitrary Power among us: He not only ſpar'd them all, but imploy'd ſo many of them, that we ſeem'd only to have chang'd Maſters, but neither Miniſters nor Meaſures. This he repented of at Length, *Ralph*, as we may perceive by his laſt Speech to the Lords and Commons; but Death prevented his retrieving that unhappy Miſtake; the ill Conſequences of which, we ſtill labour under.

Ra. There are thoſe of your own Party, who won't thank you for this Freedom with that Prince's Memory.

Ro. I care not for that, *Ralph*; I never was for blind Obedience to Prince or Prieſt; nor of that Sort of Whigs, who will approve every Thing, provided they may be in Places of Power and Profit; for tho' you and they may pretend to differ, you are like the Letter Y; two at Top, but one at Bottom.

Ra. Have you ſeen the Queen's Speech, *Roger*?

Ro. Yes, *Ralph*, and ha' read it too; and perceive by it, that her Majeſty has now defeated your Powder-Plot, to blow up her Royal Perſon, and both Houſes, as her Great Grand-father did that of your Friends, the Papiſts, in the Beginning of his Reign.

Ra. What Plot of ours do you mean? I know nothing of a Plot.

Ro. But your Maſter, the *Rehearſer*, does; and like another *Guy Faux*, lay'd Powder under the Parliament-Houſe, to ſwallow them all up together in its Ruins, as the Children of *Korah*, for rebelling againſt God, in eſtabliſhing Presbytery in *Scotland*, and the Toleration in *England*. But her Majeſty has countermin'd your Maſter and his Party, *Ralph*, by her gracious Promiſe to uſe all proper Means to extinguiſh the leaſt Occaſion of Jealouſy, that either the Civil or Religious Rights of any Part of the united Kingdom can ſuffer, by the Conſequences of the Union.

Country-m. Thus, Maſter, I have given you an Account of our Converſation, to divert you a little, and make you laugh. *Ralph*'s a pretty honeſt Fellow in his Way, and a Bottle now and then won't be ill ſpent upon him, when we have a Mind to be merry.

Obſ. You ſay very well, *Roger*. Good Night.

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LONDON, Printed for the Uſe of the Widow of the late Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.